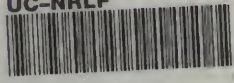


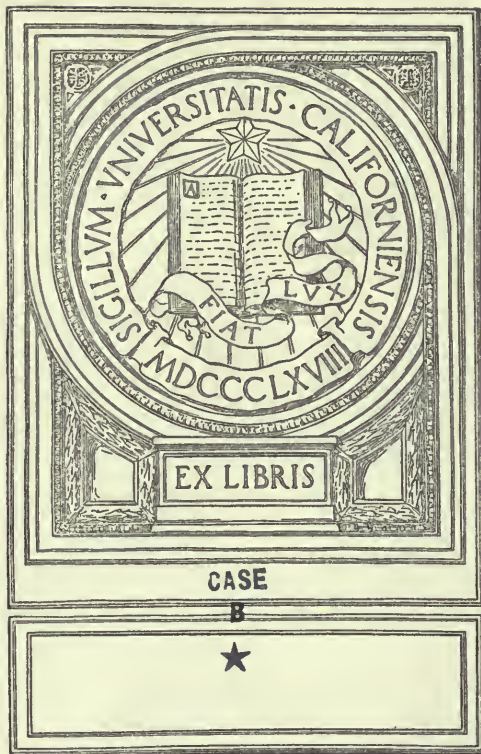
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POETICAL RECREATIONS

ALEXANDER LEVING

1911 - 1912

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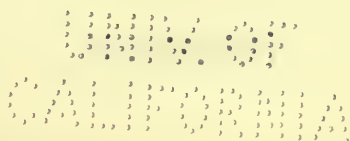


THE
POETICAL
RECREATIONS

OF M^r. ALEXANDER CRAIG
OF ROSECRAIG.



AT EDINBURGH
Printed by *Thomas Finlason*. 1609.
WITH LICENCE.



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UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA



TO
THE MOST HO-
NORABLE MY SINGV-
LAR GOOD LORD AND PATRON
G. E. OF DVNBAR, LORD AND
GOVERNOVR OF BERWICK, HEIGH

*Thefaurer of Scotland, great Maister of the Mi-
nerals there, Lieutenant of the middle Shyres
of Great Britane, one of his Majesties ho-
norable privie Counsell, and Knight
of the most noble order of the Garter.*



WHEN PHILIP OF
Macedon came to conquere Co-
rinth, the carefull Corinthians
did fortifie their ruined walles,
some caried stones, some trees,
some lyme, some clenged and dres-
sed their armour, some taught & trained the neoterick
sogers; no man was found idle to withstand the com-
mon enemy saue Diogenes, he vn-able for any ser-
vice

A 2

vice in the republick, did roll himselfe in his Tub vp and downe the streets. One of his familiars asked what he did: *Al the Corinthians (answered Diogenes) are buffie, and I must be doing something: Each man (my honorable good Lord) at this great Court of Parliament is buffie, and lest I alone like Diogenes be noted as idle, I will roll my selfe in these foolish rymes vp and downe the streetes; that it may be said I am doing something: the goodes and children of the bond-man belong to the master: These passions are my goodes, or rather my children Minerva-like borne from their fathers brane, without a mother, and so due to your L. Take then your owne (dear Lord) from this hand, who according to the antient custome hath bored his eare with a boidkene, to shew that he shall still remaine your Honors most faithfully devoted and voluntarie slaue.*

AL. CRAIG.





TO THE READER.

Excuse me (good Reader) for the methodlesse placing of these Passions: They are my children, you haue them as they were borne: And so the Primo-genit must haue the prioritie at the Presse. Amongst so many children some must mis-thriue and proue nought: Cherishe (I pray thee) the good, and leaue the faultie to be reformed by their father.

Fair-wel.





TO HIS MOST EX-
CELLENT MAIESTIE

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF
his Heighnes Orator AL. CRAIG
at Christmas in VVhitehall.

A *Pelles* some-time came
To *Ptolomæus* feast,
And had well nye return'd againe
Inglorius and disgrac't.
For *Ptolomæus* ask'd,
Who cald him to that place,
Then with a coale vpon the wall,
He painted *Planus* face.
The King knew *Planus* well,
And did at once protest
That hee should fast, and hee would feast
Appelles with the best.
So am I come Great King,
Vnto thy Christmas chere,
And Povertie against my will,
Invit's me to be heere.
You are a greater King
Then *Lagus* sonne, altho

With

With *Ægipt, Afric*, he vsurpt,
 And was th' *Arabians* fo.
 Let Povertie I pray,
 Receaue his due disgrace :
 And let thy Poet at this feast
 Supplie the Painters place.
 But *Lacon* some-time said
 Vnto a begging slaue,
 Giue what I will it is thy craft
 To beg, and ever craue.
 Be not affrai'd for that,
 (Thogh for this time J cry)
 Jf succurd once, nor seeke againe
 J rather sterue and dye.

COMPLAINT TO HIS

M a j e s t i e.

L *Oue, Want*, and *Cares*, all contrare me conspyre,
 First, second, last, for me too many bee :
Want breakes my heart, and drown's my high desyre,
 And makes my Muse so lowe a course to flee.
 But were J rich, the cruell fair wold rew,
 Thenould J fing and bid my *Cares* adew.

O happie Artift, and Mechanick slaue,
 Thou mai'ft a price vpon thy paines impose :
 My wair is such, I know not what to craue,
 And so but looke both Loue and Lynes I lose :
 Strange thing betwix my Soueraigne and my fant,
 I waist my wits, and rape but woes and want.

Yet

Yet might these two reward me if they wold,
 And purge me both from povertie and paine :
 She with good wil, my royall Syre with gold,
 And so preferue, and saue their slaue vn-flane.
 With modest lookes, and silent sighs J ferue,
 The shameles begger thriu's, and yet I sterue.

TO JOHN LORD RAMSAY

*Vicunt of Hadington, the Author be-
 moneth his hard Fortunes in England.*

A Las, why sould *Calisthenes* remaine
 Where *Agis* both and *Cleo* beare the sway,
 These Sicophants and Parasites profaine,
 Draw *Macedoes* magnific minde astray :
 Jf *Aristip* in Court make any stay,
 Some Tyran straight shall spit into his face,
 Thus feeling ill, and fearing worse each day,
 A miriad of mis-fortunes I embrace.
 How carefull is *Entimeon* poore thy case
 At home, abroad, since Fortun is thy foe ;
 But ere thou turne to Greece with more disgrace,
 Jn Persia die, and there intomb thy woe :
 To him that liues, and must die Fortunes slaue,
 Jf nothing else, good Persians grant a graue.

AD

AD EVNDEM DE EODEM.

Beyond the Mountains of the frostie North,
I some-time seru'd a *Caledonian* Dame:
The first of all for *Vertue*, *wit*, and *worth*,
That ever yet adorn'd the rols of fame:
She fed my heart on fanfies sweetest flame,
Yet haue I left both heart and her behind,
And to this land spoild of my heart I came
To follow Fortune, which J can not find:
Strange is the state wherein I stand, J see
Twix Fortune heere, and my affections there:
I fled from these, this flees againe from mee,
Here *Povertie*, and yonder springs *Dispare*.
Blind *Cupid* thus, blind *Fortune* are againe mee,
My *Loue* at home, my *Luck* abroad disdaine mee.

NEW YEARE GIFT TO

his Majestie.

TO *Cresus* rich shall *Codrus* gifts propyne,
To *Maro* wife must *Mevius* ryms present:
O pearles Prince, O Poet most divyne,
My Mufe is dead, my moyen all is spent:
Wife *Maro* writ, weake *Mevius* wonder ay,
Rich *Cresus* giue, poore *Codrus* beg and pray.

B

TO

TO HIS MAJESTIE IN NAME

of his Noble Master.

THE faithfull heart is ever fraught with feare,
And jelousie is still conjoind with loue:
How can J then (dread Liege) be frie from care,
Since from thy fight J see J must remoue:
And thou my *Phosphor*, yea my *Phæbus* bright,
Whose prefence day, whose absence breeds my night

Yet feare J not for that within thy minde,
That ouglie ghaist *vnkindnes* can haue place;
But cause J know, some claw-backs are inclinde
With all their force my Fortunes to disgrace:
Be thou the poynt, and J the circling line,
Mine be the pangs, and all the pleasurs thine.

J'le kyth a constant *Palinure* to thee,
A trustie steirf-man both in storme and calme;
That in my works the wondring world shall see
The truest hand, that ever held a helme:
Thogh (I confesse) I am not skild like him,
Yet let me sink, so sweet *Æneas* swim.

Thus will J goe, because thou do'st command,
Even for thy sake from out thy fight some space;
And after kissing of thy sacred hand,
J pray the Gods protege thy state in peace:
And when J cease for to be true to thee,
Curst be my life, and wretched may J dye.

TO

TO MY LORD SARVSBVRIE.

Two potent Kings over *Siciles* two Empyre,
That famous Ile where *Siracusa* stood:
Where gainst the heavens *Encelad* vomes his fyre,
King *Philip* bruks with much *Iberian* blood:
But wise King *James* (O blest and happie case)
Commands a *Cecill* of more price in peace.

TO MY LORD HAY, AT HIS LEGATION to France.

Since thou must fail to see the *Celtick* shore,
From titular to him that keeps the Crown:
Which with thy Name thy Nation shall decore,
And fett more quils to further thy renown:
My wishes both, and prayers shall attend thee,
At home, abroad, the living Lord defend thee.

TO MY LORD ADMIRALL AT his marriage with Ladie Margaret Stewart.

M *Ars*, *Hercules*, and *Iupiter* we finde,
With *Venus*, *Lyda*, *Leda* were in loue,
And for obedience to the Archer blind,
The *Sword*, the *Club*, and *Scepter* they remoue:
And *Neptuns* deput leau's the fomie strand,
To pearse a *Margarit* fet from *Murray* land.

B₂

A

A Counsell to Courteours.

THe bibull Spoynge in tepid water set,
Drinks till it fill each small and greedie pore:
But if the Barber in his hand it get,
He wrings all out, which it hath drunk a fore:
You that in Court with Kings and Princes stay,
Mark well in minde the water-spoynge I pray.

For if you stand on top of Fortunes wheele,
Beware lest with the bibull spoynge you swal,
Drink not too much as gluttons, govern well,
Clim not too hie, in case you catch a fall:
The King makes vp, the King againe makes downe,
Both wealth and wrack awaits vpon a Crowne.

To my Lady Hartfurde at his Majesties
first progres to Totnem.

There the wyld farne smelled as sweet as perfume, naturally.

THe tempest beat and falling *Farne* (fair Dame)
Receaves new life, new strength, new smell wee see:
And for thy sake thy Sovereigne weares the same
Heigh on his head to serue and honour thee:
These are the frutes thy bewtie braue brings forth,
Thy least propynes are valued of most worth.

TO

TO HIS DEAR FRIEND M^r. AL.

DICKSON M^r. of the Art of *Memorie* who
died at winchester in England.

E P I T A P H.

THat *Thracian* forme at birth of friends to weepe,
And to be glad when as againe they dye:
My sigh-swolne heart can not content to keepe,
Since J deare friend must sigh, and murne for thee.
Now haue I lof'd my second selfe I see,
To whom shall J (since thou art dead) bemone:
Most rich of all (the *Scythians* say) is hee
That hath true friends, now I, alas, have none:
No other death of ould the *Hircans* choof'd,
But to be kild by these same dogs they fed:
Displeasure so to be ingratlie vf'd,
Hath broght braue *Dickson* to his cognat bed.
Thou taught the Art of *Memorie* to those
That seemd thy friends, yet prou'd in end thy foes.

TO HIS VNKINDE FRIEND.

OF all the wounds whereof that Roman great,
Braue *Iulius Cæsar* in the senat died:
The wounds from *Brutus* (burreau most ingrate)
Did grieue him most, on *Brutus* still he cri'd:
So were my life to take last leaue of mee,
Still wold I cry (*vnkinde, vnkinde*) on thee.

TO

TO HIS CVSNING FRIEND.

A *Thenian Chares* promis'd much to many,
Most prodigall of smooth perswading words:
And yet perform'd no thing at all to any,
Such are the frutes false eloquence affords:
Like *Larus* leane of flesh he had no store,
But multitude of fethers fair, no more.

Since *Chares* thus concludes to play the knaue,
And still persists proud, impious, false, profane:
Shall he begyle, and gull me like the laue,
Yes, faith, once more to exercise his vane:
Yet since experience *Chares* maks me wise,
I shrew my heart, and thou begyle me thrife.

TO COVETOVS COVRTIERS.

A Greedie Moufe did by a privat way
Steale to the pantrie of a wealthie man:
VWhere many dishes were, and wold assay
Each dish of all: but at the last began
To teast an Oister, when her guts were filled,
The Oister clos'd, and thus the Moufe was killed.

Thou that hast crept in credit but by stealth,
And teasts each dish, sib to the greedie Moufe:
VWho builds and maks of others wrack thy wealth,
And fouldes man will not oversee a fouse:
Thogh Prince behold, and privat men must thol thee,
Some sharp-sheld oister some-time fall controll thee.

TO

TO VIRTEOVS AND NOBLE

Cynthia.

FANE wold J render thanks for thy good-will:
But thanks are words, and words compense no deeds,
And thus must J remain thy debter still,
For which my heart within my bosome bleeds:
But if it chance that in thy debt I die,
My froward Fortune hath the fault, not I.

TO HIS DEAR FRIEND, AND

fellow student Mr. Robert AETon.

SING swift hoof'd *Æthon* to thy matchles selfe,
And be not silent in this pleasant spring:
I am thy Echo, and thy Aerie elf,
The latter strains of thy sweet tunes I'll sing:
Ah, shall thy Muse no further frutes forth-bring,
But *Basia* bare, and wilt thou write no more
To higher notes, J pray thee tune thy string:
Be still admir'd as thou hast bene of yore,
Write *Æthon* writ, let not thy vain decay,
Least we become *Cymerians* dark, or worse.
If *Æthon* faill, the Sun his course must stay,
For, *Phæbus* Chariot laks the cheefest horse:
Thogh Fortun frown, ah, why should vertue die,
Sing *Æthon* sing, and J shall Echo thee.

AE-

AETHON

CRAGIO SVO.

FANE wold I sing, if songs my thoughts culd ease,
Or calme the tempest of my troubled mynde:
Fane wold J force my silent Muse to please,
The gallant humor of thy wanton vane:
But O a miser mancipat to paine,
Sould flaue to sorrow, wedded to mischief,
By mirth of songs, perhaps more greefe might gane,
Jn vane of them J should expect releif:
Then sacred *Craig* if thou wold ease my greef,
Jnvite me not to wantonize with thee:
But tune thy notes vnto my mourning cleif,
And when J weepe, weepe thou to Echo mee.
Perhaps the teares that from a *Craig* shall floe,
May proue a Sovereigne balme to cure my woe.

AGAINST THE SELLERS *of Tobacco.*

THou that hast made of selling smoak a trade,
And Jew and Gentill but remorse do'ft gull,
And by these base *Nicotian* bleads are glade
To spoill, mar, blek, the stomach, brane, and skull:
As thou deseru'ft *Turinus*-like J doome thee,
By selling smoak thou liv'ft, let smoak consume thee.

TO

TO HIS LORD AND M^r. GEORGE

Earle of Dunbar.

BRaue *Alcibiad* curious once to know
If all were frinds, that so appeard to bee,
To each of all in secret he did show,
The purtrate of a new-flane-man, said hee:
This is a friend whom J haue kild, J pray
Jn quiet forme come cary him away.

Yet none of all that Crew wold giue consent,
Nor help to put the painted tree a part:
Saue *Kallias* kinde, who only was content,
Hap what might hap, to help with hand and hart:
Such is my luck (most loving Lord) I see,
J haue not found a *Kallias* kinde, but thee.

Thou art the great *Mæccenas* of my Muse,
My patron, Lord, my Master, and my All:
Whom (whil J liue) but change in me I chuse,
To loue, to serue, and to attend as thrall:
Thogh time and absence breed suspect, what than?
J am in spight of Fortuns nose thy man:

TO LADIE ANNA HAY COVNTES OF
Winton, one of the Ladies of her Majesties most
royall bed chalmer, at her return from England.

AH, whither now sweet Ladie wilt thou go?
From Court to Cuntrie, what new change is this?
And wilt thou needst (sweet Sant) be gone? and so
Bereaue south-Britan of so rare a blis,
Yes thou must go, J see there is no stay,
And take ten thousand Thousand hearts away.

C

Take

Take then my heart, my better part with thee,
 My wishes, vow's, my prayers, all these all:
 For J am thine devoted till J die,
 And still shall beare the bloodie yock as thrall:
 And when my head shall turne to hoarie gray,
 The world shall see that I shall serue *An Hay*.

A DISSVVASION TO HIS

friend from his intended marriage.

FAir famous Ile where *Zoroastres* raign'd,
 Where *Bactrum* once the statelie cittie stood:
 VWhich (when th'ould name *Ariaspe*) was disdain'd,
 VVas *Bactria* cal'd from fertill *Bactrus* flood;
 VWhere some-time *Ceter*, *Arams* sonne began,
 Of thousand citties the foundation sure.
 In thee the wyues abuse the married man,
 And both with slaue and stranger play the whoore,
 The Dame with Distaff beats her yeelding Lord,
 And for her pryde but punishment skaips free:
 And poore *Acteon* dare not speak one word,
 From *Bactrian* wyues the Lord deliver thee:
 Nor lead a life infamous, heart-brock, thrall,
 Far better were to wed no wife at all.

A

*A DESCRIPTION OF A PAR-
dond, yet still vnrepenting proditor Plexirtus.*

WHen false and proud *Plexirtus* did conspire,
His King and Lord *Leonat* to dethrone:
He found the fates were foes to his desire,
At last when all his bastard-hopes were gone,
A halter fair about his hals he tyes,
And on the Prince for pardon still he cryes.

The Clement King *Leonat* was contented
To pardon all his faults and foull offences:
And yet we read the Rebelle noight repented,
Saue that he could not practize his pretenses:
It's pittie then the Prince can not perceauce,
Plexirtus was, and will be still a knaue.

*EPITAPH OF IOHN FIRST MAR-
ques of Hammilton.*

BLeft was thy life, and blessed didst thou die,
Thy Oyle was burning, and thy Lamp gaue light,
VVhen lifes prowde foe, pale death did summond thee
To render earth her due, and heavens their right:
Thogh death did then thy foule and bodie sever,
Once thou shalt be conjoind, and liue for ever.

Aliud.

Here rests within this Tomb of truth th' unmatched scale
The father, & the faithful friēd, of Church & cōmon wel:
In storme and calme inclin'd to doe his Kings command,
Of peace the parent, child of Mars, cheef glorie of the land.

C 2

Fortuna

FORTVNA SAEVO LAETA NEGO-

tio: transmutat incertos honores.

STrange are the changes of this changing age,
The cloun turns knight, the knight again turns cloun:
Now is he Lord, who, was of late a page,
And he that threatned all, is now thrown down:
Thrise happie he, whose heart can be content,
To serue his God in peace with sober rent.

To his afflicted friend.

IN wether fair, and in a temperat spring,
The waikeft bird with warbling songs will soare,
But in a storme, or winters rage to sing
With mirrie notes, deserues a praise much more:
Thy spring is gone, thy winter growes, O than
Sing sweetlie now, and shew thy selfe a man.

To his fortunate friend.

THe *Fox* and *Kat*, were walking by the way,
(As *Æsop* fains) and lo for all his wits
The *Fox* became to hungrie hounds a pray,
Whilst in a trie the *Kat* securlie sits.
Since *Foxes* false (dear friend) must fall, and die,
Climb with the *Kat*, and make the truth thy trie.

Vivitur

Vivitur parvo bene.

HE that can walk on ground that's fair and plane,
Shall feldome fall, or if he chance to fall,
He meafures but his lenth, he'll rife agane,
And haue no harme, nor any hurt at all:
But he muft fall of force that climbs too hie,
And if he fall, it's ten to one he'll die.

Heigh hoifed failes giue vantage to the ftorme,
And if thy ftate be ftately, large, and fair,
The farer mark for mischief to deforme,
With ffightfull fport proud Fortun play's her there:
Fair marks are hit with fhots and shafts mifchivous,
Which make the wounds more deep & much more
grievous.

Contented *Codrus* with his Cuntrie Dame,
Suppose his Farme were fet on fire he fear's not,
His wife and he will warme them with the flame,
Come what can come, his compts are caft, he cares not:
Jf want and wealth were alwaies at my will,
Away with wealth, let me be *Codrus* still.

A Prayer for his imprifoned friend.

THE famous *Persians* had a forme, we reed,
That if a Noble were condemd to dee,
They spar'd himfelfe, and hang'd his cloaths with fpeed,
Poore prifoner, God grant the like to thee:
Vcalegon his houfe is fet on fire,
A neighbor kinde wold quench left it burne nyer.

When *Pollio* proud did to his feaft requyre
Augustus Cæfar, at a folemne time:

He

He needs wold kill a seruing slaue in yre,
For breaking of a banquet glasse, small crime:
But *Cæsar* said, poore slaue, thou shalt not dee,
Th'offence is naght, feare is enough for thee.

To Idea for his long absence.

A *Ttilius* ruler of the Roman host,
Beg'd leaue his wife and children deare, to see
His poore effairs he did performe with post,
And made returne with all the hast might bee,
He was for this no run-away, but rather
A loving husband, and a faithfull father.

I haue like him (wife Dame) at home a wife,
With whom in peace the poasting hours I spend,
Yet will J loue thee, whill J haue a life,
And till J die my loue shall never end:
My poore Adoes withdraw me oft from thee,
Yet where thou art, my heart shall ever bee.

To eloquent Erantina.

C *Lcombrotus* a Heathen man did heare
Wife *Plato*, with such reverence and respect:
As for the loue he to his lessons beare,
He went abroad (kinde man) and brok his neck:
Thy charming words inchant me so that J
Doe nothing now, but mourne, sigh, weep, and die.

TO

To his absent and loving Lesbia.

DEare heart, dear heart, dear, dear, dear heart againe,
More dear then writ can shew, or waxe can seale:
O! if thou knew the care, the woe, the paine
I felt since last I tooke from thee fair-well:
The night in black chimerick thoghts I spend,
Ere *Phlegon* rife, I wish the day to end.

The dark is lothsome, and the day femes long,
Because, alas, J am not where thou art:
This is not mine, but frowning Fortunes wrong,
Yet hope (deare heart) vp-holds my dying heart:
Look then for me, before few dayes take end,
Till when my thoghts to thine, I doe commend.

To absent Idea.

WITH puissant pow'r when princely *Pompey* went,
And made him for *Pharsalic* battell bowne:
With heavie hearts his fogeors did lament,
And oft look'd back to Rome their natiue towne:
Each in him selfe a civil combat felt,
To leaue the place wher friends, wiues, childrē dwelt.

I may for this be deem'd a Roman borne,
I am so full of kindnesse and of loue,
In deepest fort (deare heart) I dare be sworne,
My minde from thee no distance may remoue:
And for thy sake (beare witnesse naked God)
I loue thy *Bowns* wherein thou mak'st abod.

TO

To Idea at her bownes.

AH, whither now (sweet Sant) art thou retired?
Souls-ravifer, alas, where art thou gone?
Thy bewtie now can be no more admired,
Since thou delightst to lurke and liue alone:
Now *Hermit*-like thou hantst, the more the pittie,
And for the Farme forbear's the famous Cittie.

Look to thy selfe, thou dwel'st too neere the sea,
Neptun no doubt will from those rocks bereaue thee:
And with his wife diuorfe for loue of thee:
Yet am I glade, none but a God must haue thee:
VVhen winds and waves, and all are at thy will,
Proue not vnkinde, J pray thee loue me still.

TO HIS BANISHED FRIEND

TWO wofull weeds, the mother Church must weare,
One Crimson rid, the other mourning black:
The black betokneth sorrow, pane, and care,
The rid bods death, fearce persecution, wrack:
It maters not what rags she beare abroad,
Once she'll be cloth'd in robs of white with God.

To his singular good Lord and Master.

LONG mai'st thou liue an argument of praise,
A lordlie subject to my loving pen,
That on thy worth the wondring world may gaife,
A magistrat admir'd amongst all men.
Yea, more and more heavens grant thee from aboue,
The Makers mercie, and the Masters loue.

Bene

Auream quisquis mediocritatem.

IT merits praise to manage litle well,
A cunning coachman turns in litle rume:
In poore estate a rich content I feell,
And smyle to see a wretches wealth consume:
J'll studie then to steward what J haue,
And not be curious more and more to craue.

His regrate for the lose of time at Court.

O How Time slips, and flie flids away,
God is forgot, and woe is me therefore:
J waste the night, and weare away the day,
I sleepe, dres, feed, talke, sport, and doe no more:
Far better were with care to haue redemed,
Nor sell for noght the thing I most esteemed.

To his aspyring friend.

SInce charge and honor march together still
For charge but honour were a toyle too great:
And honor but a charge were ease at will,
To want them both is not the worst estate:
I loath those loads which lightnesse first pretend,
But break the neck before the journeyes end.

Nulla dies sine linea.

THe standing poole will quicklie stink and rott,
The currant streame is cleanlie both and cleare:
The idle man is Sathans prey, God wott,
A verteous minde the Devill darr not draw neare,
My fantasies can profit few, and yet
It hurteth none, but doth me good to writ.

D

The

The praise of Glad-povertie.

THree sorts of men vnto the market go,
One buyes, one selles, an other doth behold,
Great greef and care is in the former two,
Th'expectant waiks secure and vncontrold.
He liu's (poore man) contented with his lot,
Vfing the world as if he vſ'd it not.

His vnambitious minde.

THree things there be for which J'll not contend,
The *way*, the *wall*, and *Tables* highest feat:
What foole is he will frown, or yet offend
For any place, so hee can reach his meat.
But in good faith, the idleſt ſtrife of all,
Js in my judgement for the way, or wall.

To his friend who ſeemd ſorie when he left Court.

I Scorne to liue at Court, becauſe J ſpy
The wicked heaps vp wealth, the foole hath grace:
The wiſe man weeps, and in diſgrace muſt die,
And vanitie muſt march in vertues place:
Far better were on ſhore ſecure t' abide,
Nor faill in vane againſt both wind and tide.

Againſt Pryde.

TH' ambitious man no greater foe can haue,
Then is himſelfe, for whiſt he ſtill aſpires,
He grinds his heart for greef vnto the graue,
With fooliſh hopes, with fear's, and fond deſires:
God grant my pryde may grow to this degree,
Jn earth his child, in heaven his Sant to bee.

To vnfortunat and pure Æmilian at Court.

EMilian begs with heart half-brok for sorrow,
Yet finds not frute at all, but long delay:
As leaue me now, or come againe to morrow,
My lasure serues not yet, I pray thee stay:
None pitties thee *Æmilian*, do not griue,
They get no thing, that haue no thing to giue.

That he neither loues to be too glad nor too sad.

IOyes come like oxen heaue peaf'd and slo,
But tak their leaue like horfes running post:
Greifs come at post, on foot againe they go,
And leaue sad discontentment with their host:
Both *Ioy*s and *Griefs* as passingers J'il vse,
They shall not be my ghaifts, if J can chuse.

His contents at his Tugur.

When lose of *Tyme* at Court was all my gane,
To take my leaue, J thoght it was my best:
And in some privat mansion to remaine,
Where J might frie from Envyes rage take rest:
Now blest be God, no Portar bars my doore
By day, by night none keeps me but my kurre.

Against ignorance and ill example.

THe law of God is Lanterne full of light,
And good example beares this Lantern still:
Which shews the way to walk, and march vpright,
To doe all good, and to decline from ill:
Without this light who walks, he can not see,
And such (will God) shall be no gyde to thee.

The

To Mistres Hartfide at Orknay her natall soyle.

PROscribed *Orcas* thogh J hate thy forms,
J must commend and praise thy courage still,
I saw thee proue both wise and stout in storms,
And thou art barren fore against my will:
For had thou sonnes of thy *Amazon* stamp,
They might be Captains of the Emperors camp.

Perswasions of certainties are vnnecessarie.

NO greater fools then *Philodoxes* fond,
And such as loue opinions of their own:
Thy wit (wise *Plato*) when I think vpon'd,
Made men to doubt on things that were well known:
These *Why, How, What*, mad questions of thy schools,
Wold make the wise men of our age seeme fools.

Against drunkards and lickers.

IN finfull *Sodome* to liue cleane and poore,
In *Asia* chaste amid allurements such:
To hate in Rome the bordell and the whoore,
And to be still abstemius with a Dutch:
Do'th merit praise, yet this much with correction,
J find but few can haunt them but infection.

To his Lord and Master G. E. Dunbar.

ALas, that Time should be a foe to fame,
To clip the wings of true report in rage:
Alas, that th'earth should march a noble name:
Like to a bird that's compast with a kage:
Fame clip'd with time, & hemb'd with earth's embrace
By Poëts yet out-strips both time and place.

Thy

Thy fame (dear Lord) is frie from all disgrace,
(Still be it so till fire dissolue this frame)
Till when about the worlds broad spatious face,
My ryms shall run t'immortalize thy Name:
Foill to thy fame no time, no place shall giue,
So long as *Craig*, or yet his lines can liue.

Against ingratitude.

First let me die before I proue ingrate,
No, let the earth devore me ere J die:
Before I liue in such a wretched state,
To haue no hand but one, no tongue to cry:
Vnthankfull mouths are graues, then if J take,
I will at least giue praise and prayers back.

To his Lord and Master to be ware of envy.

Deepe danger lyes (deare Lord) in smootheft looks,
Envy is false, and waits thee at thy back:
The poyfning bate is hung at golden hooks,
They serue as friends that fane wold see thy wrack.
Envy awaits on vertue as her slaue,
Yet still delights in digging vertues graue.

O pale Envy, the ouldest childe of Pryd,
The Dame of Murther, Treasons onely nurse,
Of glore the stane, of squint-ey'd fraud the bryd:
The bleffe of Hell, and Heavens cheefest curse.
God grant my Lord be harmeles from thy hate,
Thy blood thy drink, thine owne heart be thy meat.

To

To JOHN EARLE OF MONTROSE
first Vice-Roy of Scotland.

EPITAPH.

IF *Rhadamanthus* in th'Elifian field,
VVith *Æacus* and *Minos* Judges bec.
And Gods over ghosts, they all of due must yeeld,
For Piëtie, Truth, Justice, place to thee:
At least *Montroes* for *Minos* must command,
And beare his Scepter in the blessed land.

The Rapt of Proserpina.

S Hall *Ceres* daughter still remane at hell?
Shall *Pluto* comb her curling loks of amber?
Shall bewtie braue in loathsome bondage dwell?
And be imprison'd in a pitch-black chamber?
Ah, sleuthfull *Ceres*, thou art much to blame,
Thy negligence hath broght thy child to shame.

Proserpina hath bewtie both and wealth.
A pleasant prey entifeth many a thief:
Of bewtie rapt, of riches must be stealth,
And from the hels we heare is no releif:
Proserpina is *Plutoes* wife it's known,
The devill is black, yet let him bruke his own.

TO

Against Sycophants and Parasits.

False Sycophant that wrongs the virtuous name,
Proud Parasit thou poysons him that hear's thee:
And brings the absent to disgrace and shame,
Who neither cares for forged lies, nor fear's thee:
When Titan shyns we see the vermin swarme,
Thou dwel'st at court because thou know'st it's warm.

False flattering foole, thou art but friendships Ape,
Camelion-like thou change'st every hew,
Saue white alone: thou loath's an honest shape.
As cheef companion of the cur'd crew:
Proud Trencher flee thy pan'sh once fild, thou'll goe
And proue to him that feeds thee best a foe.

The praise of humilitie in his L. and M^r.

IT seems (me think) a thing of small effect,
When Fortun frowns for to be meek and lowlie:
But he that can eies, heart, looks thoghts, deject,
VVhen Fortun fauns is happie both and holie:
He looks like God, and hath his makers show,
VVhose pow'r is much, whose spirit is meek and low.

Of true friendship.

IN shaddie night the glow-worme shines like fire,
And yet no heat to frostie hand she lends:
In calme who sweare's he lou's thee, is a lier,
He'll shrink in storme, and so his friendship ends:
Let *Pythias* then take *Damon* by the hand,
VVho for his friend in Fortuns stormes can stand.

To

TO THE MOST HONORABLE

*and religious Lord G. Earle Marschell, great
Commissionar of Scotland for his Majestie.*

BRaue *Cincinnatus* from his house was broght,
To be Dictator in the towne of Rome:
Thou in this fort, (Religious Lord) art foght,
Thy Princes place and seat for to assume:
He in a month put Rome to rest and peace,
And thou hast done much more in much lesse space.

Contempt of Death.

MEn feldome wish to die, thogh nev'r so old,
This day of death they doe adorne till morrow:
And by them all this fond excuse was told,
(*The life is sweete*) suppose they liue in sorrow:
Blind, lame, dumb, deaf, sick, poore, and more we see,
Men dam'd wold liue, yet know they needs must die.

My wofull heart must weepe to see such fools,
As th' ould, poore, blind, leame, damd, diseas'd, deaf, dum:
Brought vp and traind in *Epicurus* schools,
Can not beleue there is a life to come.
God faies, I haue a Crown of gloire to giue thee,
Then call, kill, Crown, for Lord I doe beleue thee.

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